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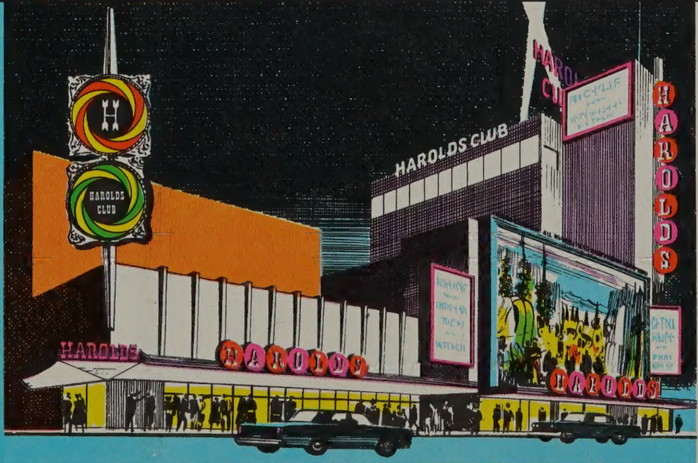

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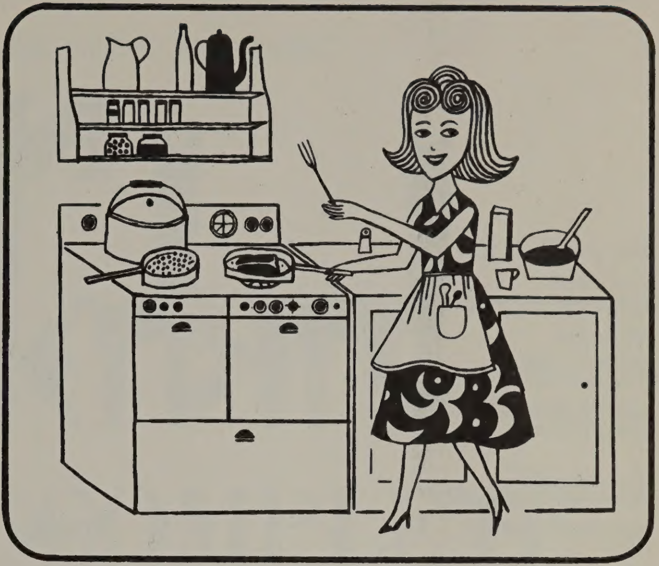

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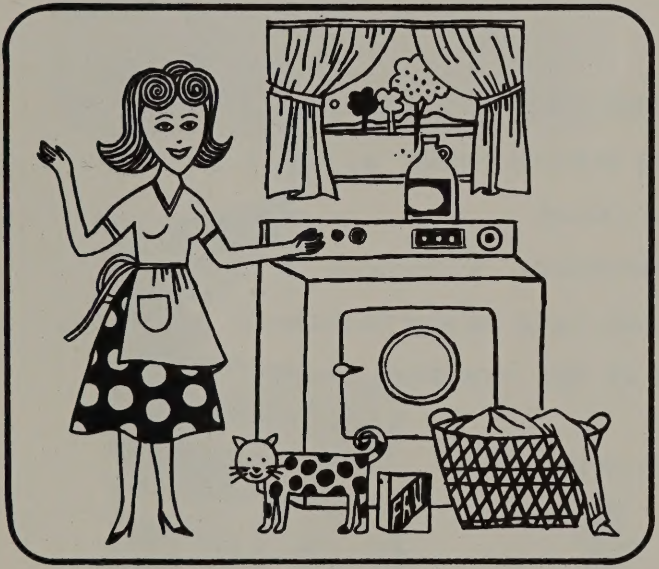

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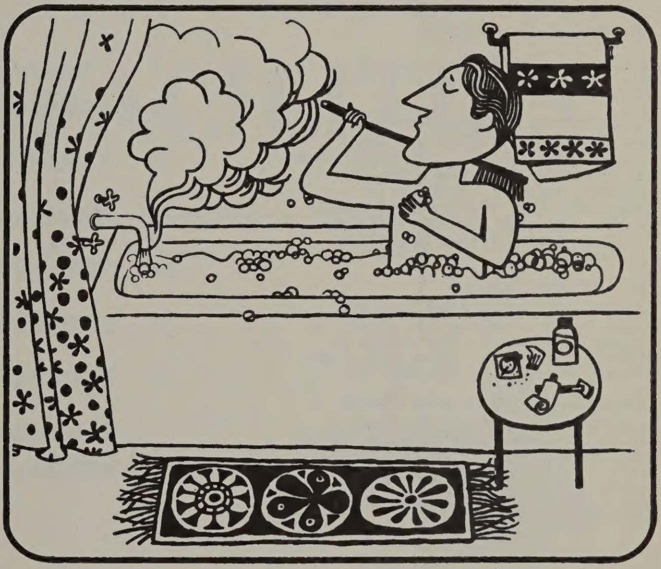

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NEVADA

Winter 1965, Volume 25, Number 4

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Front Cover

Autumn in the Ruby Mountains, near Elko, a study in yellow by artist Louis Heinzman. For more about art in Elko, see the story on Page 4. For more on fall color, refer to page 16.

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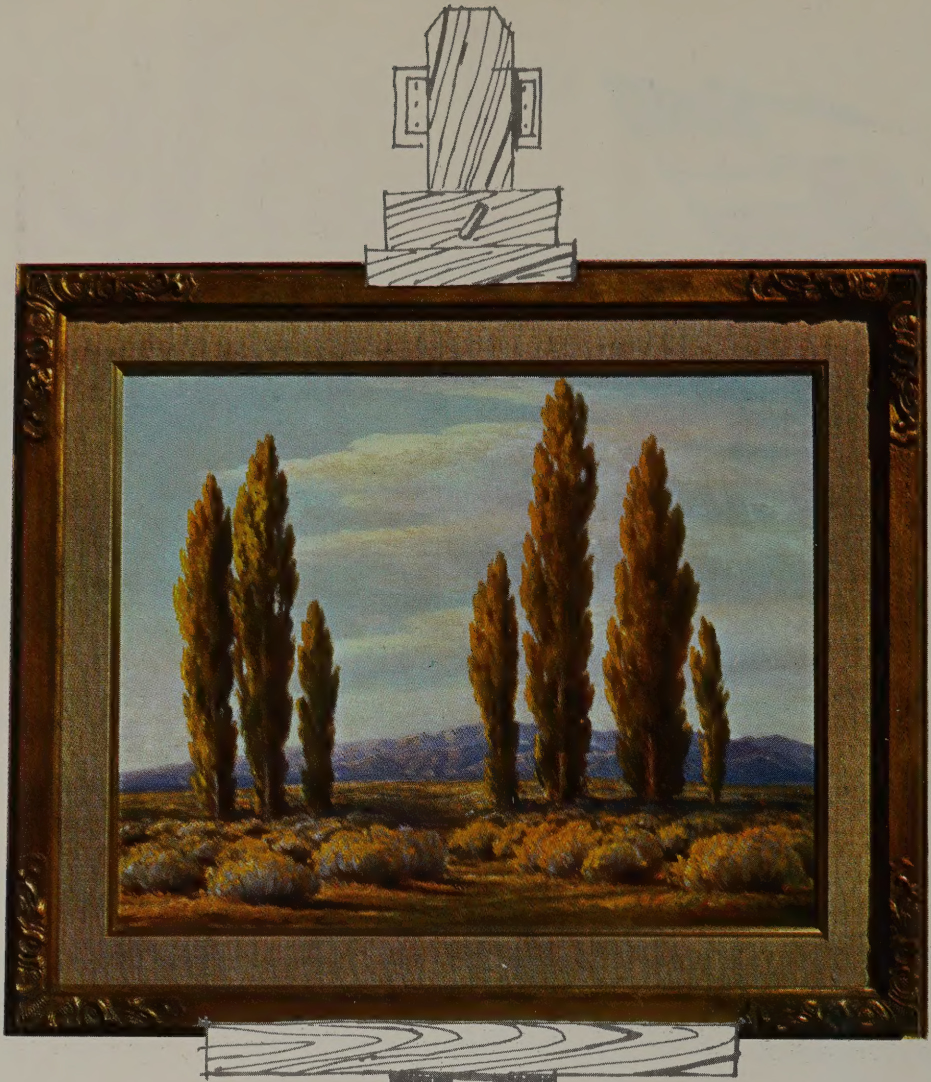


ELKO ART FESTIVAL

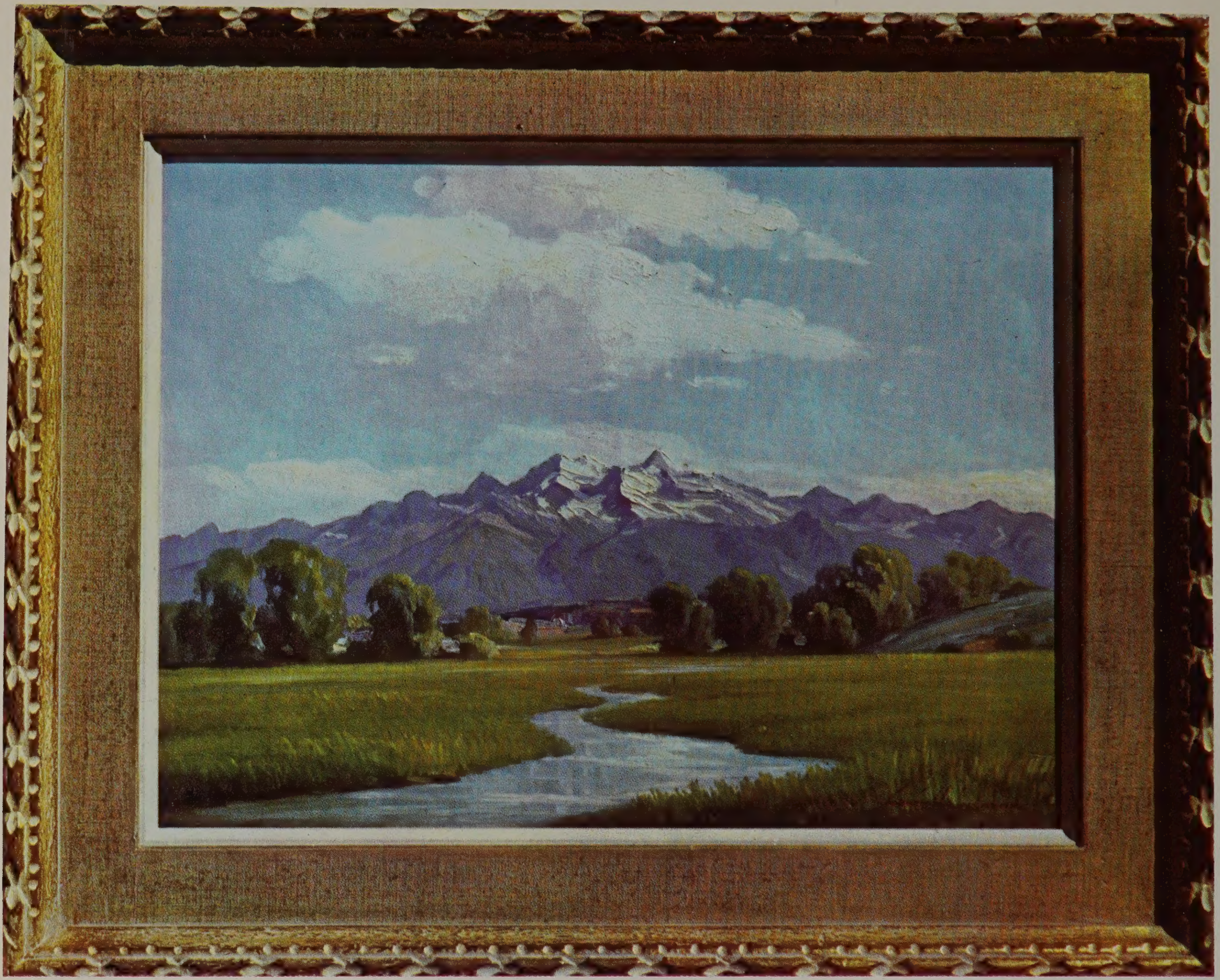
By Jean McElrath

An unusual ability to transmit light in color heightens the almost photographic realism that Louis Heinzman achieves in his paintings. That ability to infuse into his canvases an air of sunlit desert serenity is not the artist's only unusual quality, however.

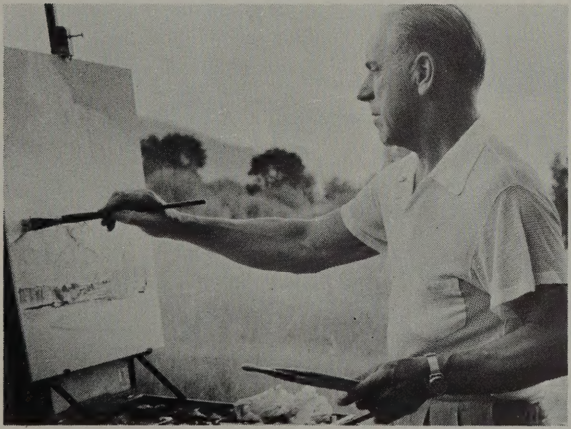
Notable too, is his yearly gift of service to the Autumn Art Festival which is held annually in northeastern Nevada, a project jointly sponsored by the Elko County Art Club and the Commercial Hotel. Heinzman, an astute businessman, smiles when fellow artists charge that "only a nut would give away his time and secrets." From Elko's fes-

PHOTOS BY JIM REINHELLER

Formerly an amateur artist, Mrs. Neva Robinson now paints with professional skill.



Top, another of Heinzman's warm Elko landscapes. Above, his students in battle regalia.



He can do it, but can I? Art students seem a bit perplexed as they watch Heinzman demonstrate a tricky point.

tival, his only such extravagance, he reaps immense personal satisfaction in spurring others to develop self-expression.

"Most people are capable of more than they realize," according to Heinzman, a bachelor, tall, handsome and fiftyish.

Over 100 artists, professional and amateur, from Utah, Idaho and Nevada, convened in Elko this summer to exhibit oils, water colors, pastels, and charcoal, pencil and ink works. Entries were individually reviewed and analyzed by Heinzman, whose art career began in Munich, continued with a scholarship in Paris, and was topped by three years' work in Rome. Heinzman's evening lectures were extolled by his audiences which included both artists and art fanciers.

Following the evening art exhibit, a field trip was held the next day which found some 25 aspiring artists trying to capture nuances of light and magical color that envelop the mountains above Lamoille. The group was guided by Heinzman who

A delightful outdoor classroom. Painting is a pleasure in this setting.

Main event of the day—lunch. Everyone contributed a dish, no one went hungry.

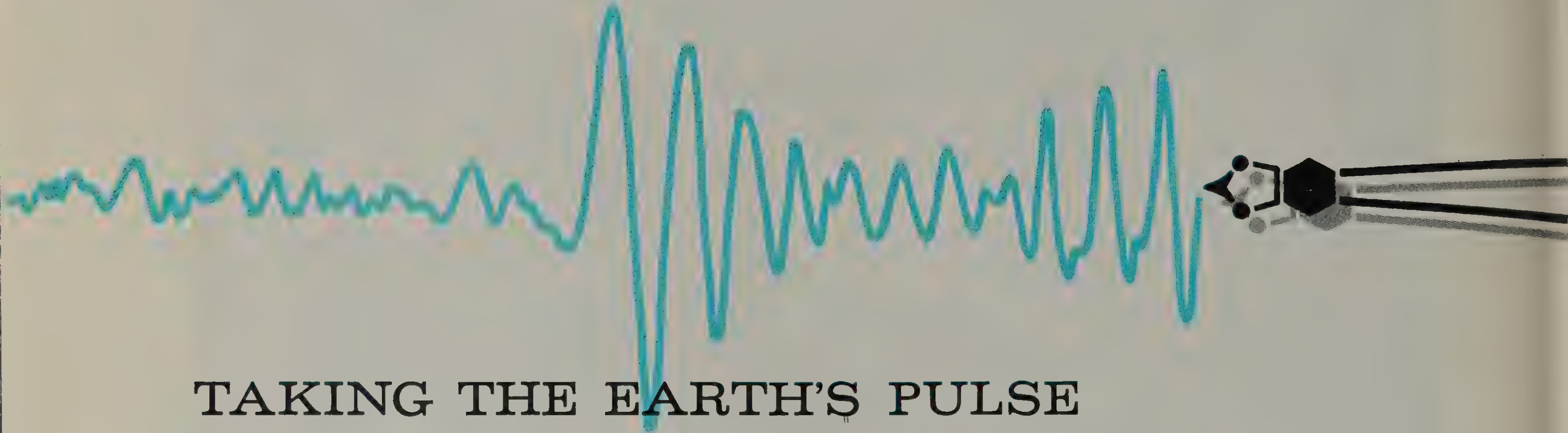
quietly moved among his students, dropping words of encouragement here and there, offering advice about mixing oils, and sometimes even taking over a brush to demonstrate a difficult point. He constantly stressed his belief that fine technical quality is more important than individual interpretation. Landscape painting, Louis Heinzman feels, should reflect profound respect for nature.

Heinzman's own desert landscapes have won tributes, prizes, and places in public and privately owned collections all over the world. Critics laud his "glowing color," his "brush drenched in sunlight," and his "serene sunlit vistas."

A morning spent among Nevada's lofty Rubys produces ravenous appetites. Over an abundant picnic lunch, Neva Robinson, past president of Elko's Art Club and 1965 winner in professional oil and water color exhibits, voiced a general sentiment concerning the morning's work, "It's a wonderfully stimulating experience."

Heinzman, whose artist's eye was first challenged by translucent desert sunlight while in military service, now lives in Salt Lake City. He paints southwestern deserts in winter but, enticed by the unsubdued beauty of Nevada's sunny heights, and by warm hospitality, he often visits Elko.

He returns to Elko this fall to judge works initiated during the summer field trip. The winner of this concluding Autumn Festival exhibit receives the Commercial Hotel's coveted annual art award—what else, of course, but a Louis Heinzman painting.



TAKING THE EARTH'S PULSE

By Peggy Trego

Editor's note: Earthquakes strike everywhere. No place is immune from them; old world or new, city or countryside. Vulnerable as any other part of the globe, North America has endured major disturbances in widely separated areas—Boston, for example, was severely shaken in 1755. The Mississippi Valley suffered the strongest earthquake ever known on this continent in 1811, while Charleston, South Carolina, was center for a quake in 1886 that was felt as far north as Massachusetts. Yellowstone National Park in 1959 was damaged by a shock that took the lives of several campers. These and the countless other earthquakes throughout the centuries were caused, according to superstitious belief, by unknown, hostile forces. But, as Peggy Trego points out in the illuminating article that follows, earthquakes are no longer the mystery they used to be. Man is now developing a science of seismology that eventually may even allow the people of earthquake-prone areas such as Nevada and California to predict and to prepare for tremors as efficiently as New Englanders and Midwesterners have learned to do in advance of the hurricanes and cyclones that plague them so frequently.

On Saturday afternoon, October 2, 1915, the residents of Kennedy, 60 miles southeast of Winnemucca in north-central Nevada, were uneasy. Beginning at 3:40 p.m. the little mining camp on the east slope of Cinnabar Mountain was shaken repeatedly by earthquakes. Even more unnerving was the intermittent rumbling that seemed to come from deep below the surface.

So persistent was the phenomenon that all mining halted, and at 4:30 two mining men, L. Roylance and S. L. Berry hiked uphill to scout for volcanic activity. They could see no volcanoes, but to the east along the skirts of the Tobin Range and just above the wide, flat expanse of Pleasant Valley they made out a long, slim, reddish-brown cloud. Using a glass, the two decided the cloud was dust.

As evening fell, the jarring became heavier and more frequent, with a particularly sharp quake at 5:55. Roylance, who had been in San Francisco during the 1906 earthquake, tried to retire and be calm at 9 p.m. He lay in his bed, eyes closed, determined to ride out the tremors. Berry, less stoic about the swaying and banging, took to leaving his bedroom through the window when the more severe shocks came. At 10:53, when all hell really cut loose, Roylance suddenly found himself on the floor and Berry cleared his room without even touching the sill.

Under the tranquil flat of Pleasant Valley a force equal to 10,000 Hiroshima A-bombs was unleashed as great blocks of the earth's crust snapped from intolerable strain. For 500,000 square miles the earth shuddered under the impact of shock waves released by that burst of energy — from Washington to Arizona and as far east as Colorado and Montana.

Dishes toppled from shelves in Sacramento and Fresno. Hotel guests at Ogden made for the street in their nightclothes. Almost every resident of Reno, Virginia City, Goldfield, Lovelock and Winnemucca galloped outdoors on the same impulse. In Reno, the city hall clock, stopped by the 5:55 p.m. foreshock, was set going again. In Winnemucca, walls cracked and some tumbled, a water main broke and every chimney in town twisted or fell. Saturday night dances at Boise, Idaho, and Baker, Oregon, abruptly ended as dancers headed for the doors. In the Unionville schoolhouse, 25 miles from Kennedy, one terrified young woman dancer clutched her partner in an unlady-like bearhug as he struggled to rescue a lantern swaying on the wall.

Closer to epicenter things were rougher. Roylance described how it felt to be in Kennedy as the mill tank came crashing down and frame buildings slid hither and yon: "The sensation of being shaken and buffeted . . . almost knocks the reason from one's head, and he acts mechanically in an endeavor to get outside. When outside, an opposite impulse seizes you, and your one thought is to get inside again."

At various Pleasant Valley ranches, adobe and masonry walls went flat, wooden walls skipped and sagged, and a line of poplar trees whipped back and forth until their tops nearly touched the ground.

Luck was with S. Siard, asleep in an older wooden part of his ranchhouse adjoining a new masonry addition, its walls two feet thick. Before Siard could fully awaken the new structure was flat, and the only buildings left standing were the quarters where he slept and a wooden cabin, the latter now 12 feet from its former site.

Water ran wild. At the Cooper and Uniacke ranch below Kennedy the ground burst open in long cracks which spouted water and sand. Later it appeared that some incredible cloudburst had struck there, obliterating the familiar terrain and shattering and toppling buildings. Another rancher, W. L. Pearce, was startled to see a normally sluggish spring in the valley turn into an intermittent fountain. Usually dry gullies streamed; other creeks and springs diminished.

At daylight the most striking change of all became apparent. For 21 miles along the lower skirts of the Tobin Range a deep cut ran parallel to the valley, as though some gigantic dull knife had been drawn just above the alluvial fans. In places the gash—actually, a series of several connecting scarps —was nearly 20 feet high. Behind the Pearce Ranch a creek dashed over a brand-new waterfall where it crossed the cut, and ranchers noticed that the creek flow had increased a great deal. What they did not know until later was that another ranch in the valley had died, its water supply cut off permanently.

To this day the abandoned ranch and the great scarp are still visible — dramatic monuments to Nevada's strongest known earthquake. Not so evident is the fact that the Pleasant Valley walloper shook into being a program that is today one of the nation's most intensive long-range seismological studies.

In 1915, people knew only that Pleasant Valley shook. Today it is an established fact that only Alaska and California have higher earthquake rates than Nevada. Nevada's seismic importance was not recognized easily or quickly, however, and it took a long time to get a precise study program under way. One reason for this was that seismology itself, the knowledge of earthquakes and related phenomena, was and is among the youngest of the world's sciences.

Before the turn of the century, the study of earthquakes involved a mass of partial facts bogged down by both guesswork and legend. Ancient peoples generally attributed earth movements to troubles among the gods. Aristotle speculated that winds imprisoned underground set the earth shaking as they strove to emerge into their proper sphere, and his idea held good a surprisingly long time concurrently with vestiges of supernatural belief. Not until 1846 was the first valid theory of earthquakes set forth. That year Robert Mallet suggested that shock waves passing through the earth were caused by a centralized physical disturbance. Mallet was on the right track, but an additional half-century went by before an instrument for measuring those waves was devised. This was the seismograph.

Today's seismograph consists basically of three main parts: A seismometer, which by means of a pendulum and springs anchored to a solid surface registers earth motion; a recording device which receives impulses from the seismometer and "writes" them on a permanent record; and an accurate timing device which determines with split-second precision when earth movements take place. The seismograph records both earth movement and time simultaneously on a revolving drum, either by a light beam traversing photo-sensitive paper or a heated stylus touching heat-sensitive paper. The heated-stylus recorder has the advantage of making its records visible as they occur, and is a fascinating thing to see in action.

Nevada's only seismograph 50 years ago was a primitive instrument installed at Carson City in 1885. Undoubtedly it was entertaining to watch when Pleasant Valley shook, but the machine's gallant squiggles on smoked glass meant virtually nothing scientifically. Considerably more valuable was the work done by Prof. J. C. Jones of the University of Nevada who made an on-the-scene investigation of Pleasant Valley soon after the quake which was remarkably accurate considering that he had no data to work with. Now, because Nevada's pride demanded something better, a Weichert seismograph was ordered from Germany in 1916.

The Wiechert had a bad time getting across the Atlantic. Its German-owned carrier ship was captured by the British and both ship and cargo were interned at Scotland. Considerable untangling of wartime red tape was needed to get the Wiechert later that year to the University of Nevada where it remained in service for several decades, producing smoked-paper recordings. In 1948 the then outmoded Wiechert was supplemented by a newer and more sensitive complex of photo-recording equipment installed by the University of California. Under this arrangement, data obtained by the equipment were sent back to Berkeley for interpretation. This seismograph, located at the Mackay School of Mines, was the special charge of Dr. V. P. Gianella, for some years Nevada's outstanding seismologist.

Nevada didn't come into its seismological own until March of 1962 when a Seismological Laboratory was established at the Mackay School of Mines. The brainchild of Dr. D. B. Slemmons and James Gimlett, both of the University of Nevada, the Laboratory is financed by the U.S. Air Force Office of Aerospace Research. So far federal grants for the work total $199,194.03.

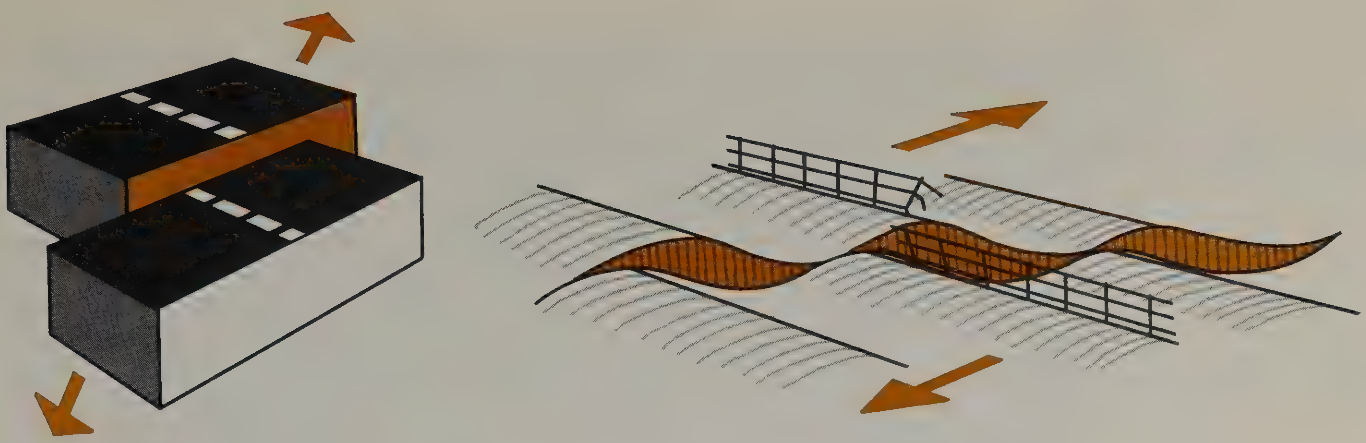
The program has four main objectives: (1) an overall study of the nature of tectonic forces and faulting mechanism within the Basin and Range province, in which Nevada occupies the central and largest part; (2) a comparison of earthquake activity with effects of nuclear explosions in the same region; (3) a catalog of the strength and frequency of Nevada earthquakes and their relation to seismicity in other nearby areas; (4) a theoretical study of seismic wave behavior.

Such an ambiticus and diverse program is a very large order for the six men who operate the Laboratory—Dr. Slemmons, professor of geology, heads the fault studies program; Dr. Alan Ryall, former U.S. Geological Survey geophysicist and University of California research seismologist, is director of the Laboratory itself; and four other members of the staff handle various duties. First project of the present study was an exhaustive job of listing Nevada's known earthquakes from 1852 through 1961. It was found that 1,173 quakes were felt in this 109-year period, and each of these was catalogued as to time, intensity, geographical location and effect. The catalog begins with a particularly intriguing item—the report by Pyramid Lake Paiutes that a great quake about 1839 sent water spouting 100 feet into the air, and caused a spectacular landslide on the face of a peak south of Reno. The landslide scar is evident today, and gave Slide Mountain its name.

Many of the other early earthquake descriptions had to be gleaned from published reports, from old newspapers or the written accounts telling "who felt what." To estimate the strength of the shocks, phrases such as "a good smart shock" would be translated into a definite intensity on the Modified Mercalli Scale or a magnitude on the Richter Scale. Although this was not an easy job, the trained seismologist, besides being a geologist and a physicist, is also something of a psychologist when it comes to analyzing peoples' reactions to earthquakes. He is used to interpreting verbal or written impressions of "how it felt" into definite terms. Later earthquakes listed in the catalog are, of course, far more definite, information coming from instrumental data as well as observations and impressions. The catalog, to which reams of new facts have been added daily since 1961, has now become the cornerstone of Nevada earthquake study. (The catalog, incidentally, is available in the April, 1965, issue of the Bulletin, Seismological Society of America.)

Concurrently with this research, the Seismological Laboratory team established two new field stations for daily recording of earthquakes. Setting them up was no cinch. Each location had to be near a source of electrical power, yet far from disturbing vibrations. Such things as railroad and highway traffic, heavy mining operations, water mains and drains, even wind in big trees can be measured by a seismometer, and it was important that the new stations be of exceptional sensitivity to augment the necessarily lower sensitivity of instruments in vibration-plagued Reno. After weeks of searching and miles of hiking, the Laboratory's specialists finally found the two locations they needed—one of these is an old mine tunnel on the side of Ararat Mountain about a mile northeast of Tonopah, the other in the old town of Unionville in Pershing County.

Locations of the Tonopah, Unionville and Reno seismographic stations form, roughly, the points of a big triangle on the map. Such alignment makes computing of earthquake epicenters and focal depths (hypocenters) fast and precise when data from the three are compared. Additional contributions to earthquake study in Nevada come from the U.S.



What causes earthquakes? Shifts in the earth's crust such as this. Nevada's fault offsets usually result from combined vertical and horizontal movements indicated by arrows above. Diagram, right, shows the type of faulting that occurred near Fairview Peak, east of Fallon on U.S. 50, during the series of 1954. Spectacular fault offsets remain there today and may be viewed by drivers who follow the signs south from the main highway.

Coast and Geodetic Survey seismographs at Eureka and Boulder City. Useful "spot" information has also been obtained from portable seismographs in various areas of the state.

Considering that Nevada and California account for 90 per cent of all earthquake activity in continental U.S.A., and that Nevada alone averages eight earthquakes every 24 hours, it is clear that a vast amount of information pours into the Laboratory offices every day. Analysis and storing of this information is an enormous job, but the Seismological Laboratory has proved equal to the task by evolving a new system of automatic processing. Using a high-speed digital computer, seismologists at Reno transfer incoming data to IBM punch cards. They can thus make rapid analysis of information received as well as file volumes of complicated technical facts ready for use at a moment's notice. Speedy issuance of seismological information has been impossible in the past. The Laboratory's automation system permits regular publication of a bulletin, available both to the public and the scientific world, providing up-to-the-minute information about what is going on seismically in Nevada.

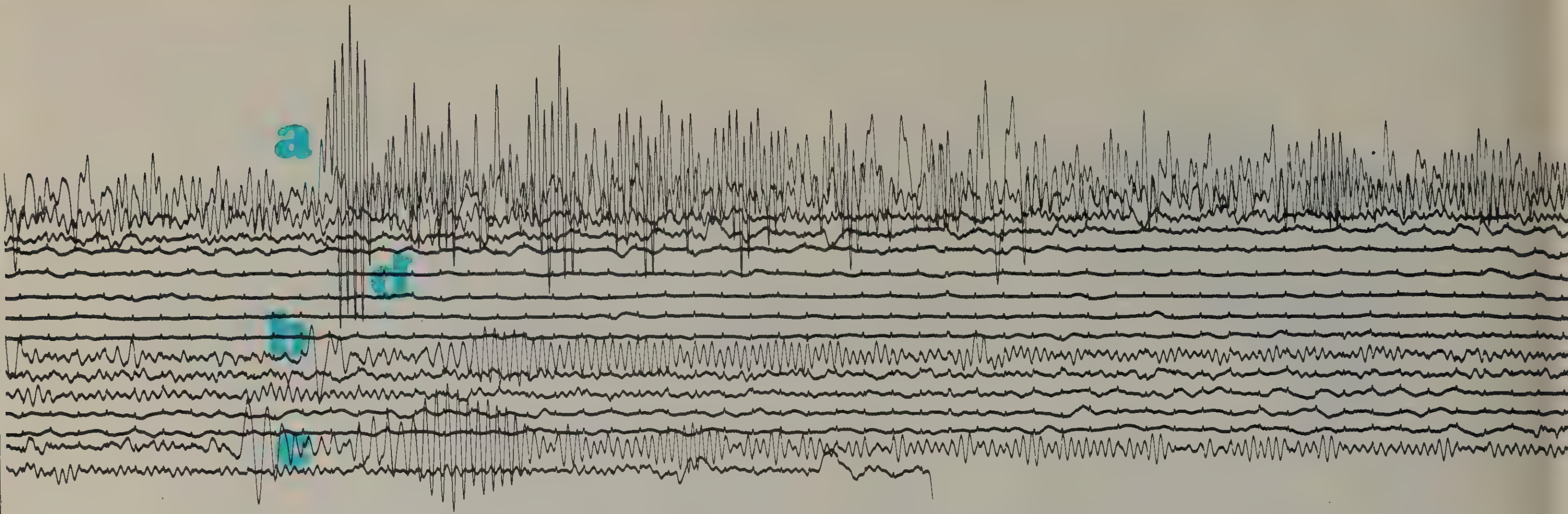
There is plenty going on, and the work to date proves that most of it is concentrated in three distinct parts of the state. The first area of seismic activity is defined as the Western Nevada-Eastern California zone, from 50 to 100 miles wide, narrow at its northern end near Reno and broadening southward into the region below Goldfield. This includes the northern Sierra Nevada frontal faults, the Fish Lake Valley-Furnace Creek-Death Valley fault system and the remarkable Walker lane fault zone. The Walker lane runs from just north of Pyramid Lake to Las Vegas Valley, and is one of the longest in the United States. Often compared to the well-publicized and much-studied San Andreas fault in California, it causes a third of all Nevada earthquakes.

The second area of activity roughly parallels the 118th meridian through the center of Nevada and is linked to the Owens Valley seismic zone in California. Containing most of the historic surface faults, this zone in recent years has figured in the Pleasant Valley quake of 1915, the 7.2 Gabbs Valley-Cedar Mountain quake of 1932 and the 1954 earthquake series in the Dixie Valley-Fairview Peak area which hit a top magnitude of 7.3.

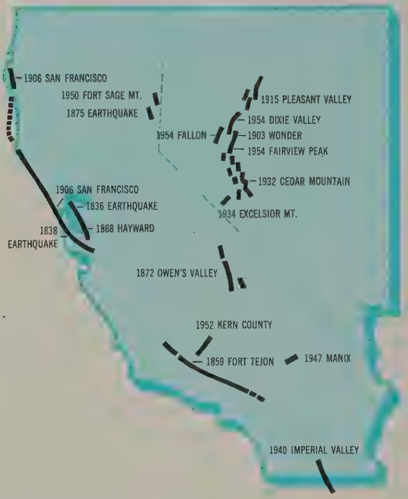
The third area of activity, comparatively weak, is the Southern Nevada transverse zone which passes through the Lake Mead area to connect with similar zones in California and Utah.

Obviously, seismic zones do not respect state boundaries. What occurs in Nevada pertains to California, and vice versa. For instance, a recent study made at the Mackay School of Mines disclosed that the Walker lane's great rift marks a boundary between the Basin and Range seismic

Fault near Fairview Peak.



The seismograph keeps an eye on the world. The sensitive instrument in Reno on August 12, 1965, recorded this earthquake, centered in the Soloman Islands in the Pacific. The chart above shows the final part of a quake recorded for over three hours. Jagged line A identifies the main shock which had an intensity of about 7¾ on the Richter Scale. Two later shocks, B and C, measured 6½ to 7 on the scale. Time of the quake is established by the heavy dark lines (D) running across the chart—full line equals an hour, the pips denote minutes. The map below shows recent western fault breaks.



features and the Sierra Nevada block. According to this study, it is estimated that the earth's crust thickens from about 13 miles depth on the east (Nevada) side of the Walker lane to about 21 miles depth on the west (California) side.

Nevada's 118th meridian zone produced its most powerful earthquake at the California end, a tremendous shake that occurred March 26, 1872, in Owens Valley. Thus the intensive studies on the Nevada side in recent years vitally concern California. Among them are the study of the 1915 Pleasant Valley fault system by Dr. Benjamin M. Page of Stanford University, the study of the 1932 Gabbs Valley quake by Dr. V. P. Gianella and the extensive work done by Dr. Slemmons on the 1954 Dixie Valley series.

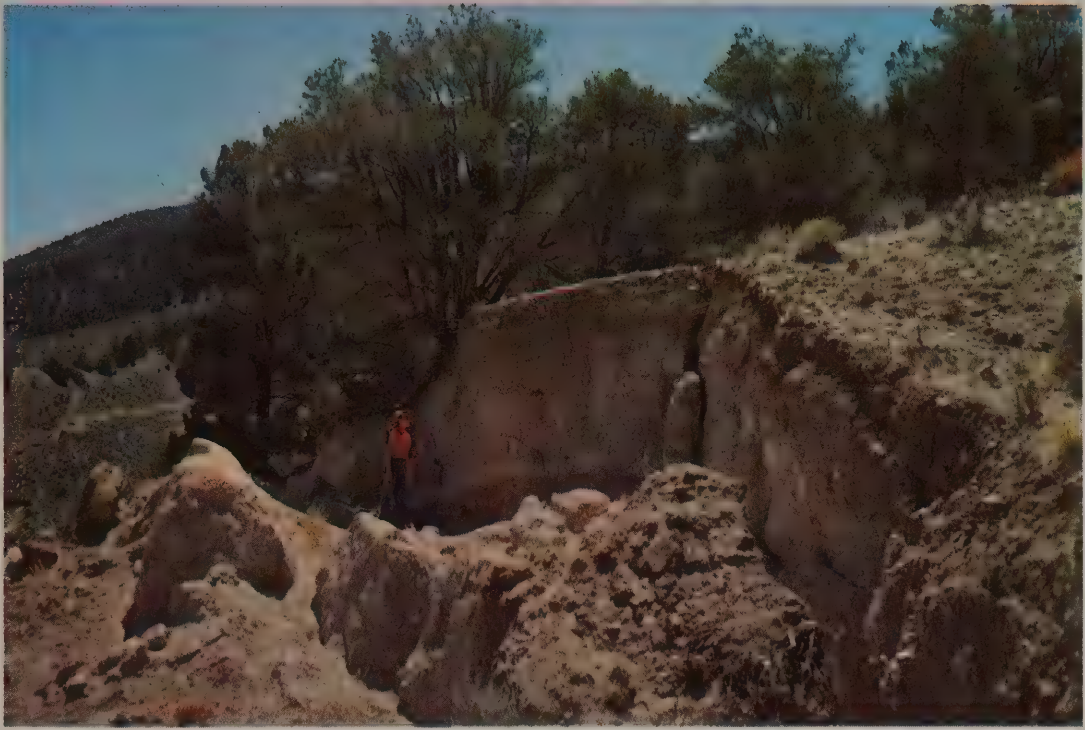
The 1954 series was of particular value scientifically, partly because good surveys of the area existed prior to the earthquakes, making possible exact measurements of topographical changes; and also because Dr. Slemmons was available to make an exhaustive study of just what happened. The earthquake series of 1954 was remarkable for the scarps and offsets created over a wide area.

Most of Nevada's finest scenery is due to seismic action. Earthquakes are nothing new in this part of the world and, in fact, have produced many of Nevada's beautiful mountain ranges, the result of block faulting that began about 30 million years ago and still continues.

Computing these earth movements, past and present, reveals some definite directional trends in the activity of seismic zones. It is increasingly important, especially in growing states like Nevada and California to know what parts of the earth's crust are moving, and in what manner. In a known seismic area, structural requirements, water storage and many other earthquake precautions make the difference to human safety. Forewarned is forearmed.

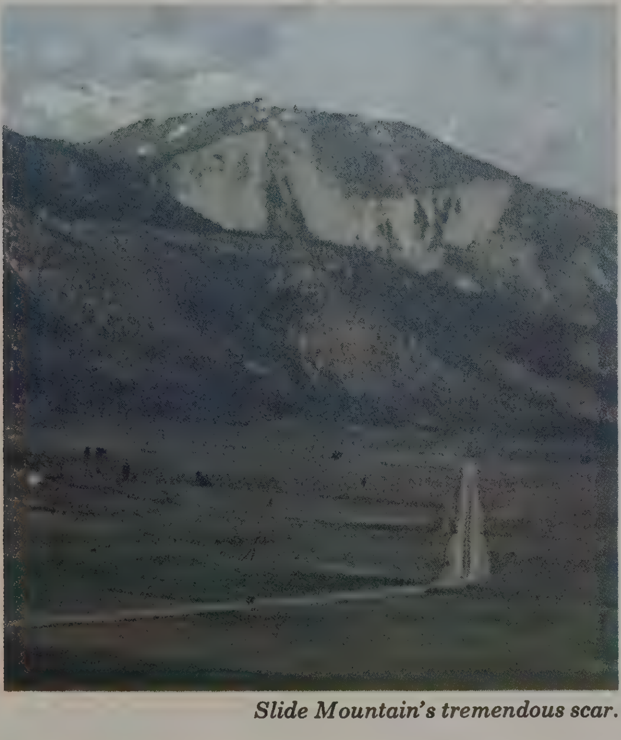
A most tragic lack of forewarning heightened the disaster in 1906 in San Francisco, where a great city in a strongly active seismic zone suffered because no earthquake precautions had been taken. The same city today is well prepared to withstand another great quake, although its lesson had to be learned in a bitterly hard way. Nevada, already benefitting from the intense seismological study now going forward, will know best how to cope with its seismic situation before something serious occurs.

Scientists, of course, are not at all satisfied with learning merely the "where" and "how" of earth movements. They fully intend to discover the intricate "why" of earthquakes, and toward this end the Seismological Laboratory program is directed. Some day, as the work progresses, will come the definite "when" of earthquake prediction.



One of the large faults near Fairview Peak.

Fault offsets further south of Fairview, in Bell Flat.



Slide Mountain's tremendous scar.

Photos by Adrian Atwater

HARVEST OF COLOR

In central Nevada, the heart of the Great Basin, sandy plains stretch mile after waterless mile, covered only by low-growing vegetation. Occasionally, where a spring gurgles up out of nowhere or a lifegiving stream flows down from a remote canyon, clusters of cottonwoods and poplars may be found, looming up like great, green sails above the desert floor. For decades these shady oases have provided welcome relief to the traveler, protection for the rancher's home, and shade for his cattle. Trees, any kind of trees, in this dry country are respected.

Farther from the semi-arid central region, trees are scarce by eastern standards, but to the western eye they grow in abundant variety. Along the meandering Humboldt and the rivers tumbling from the Sierra, in fertile irrigated valleys and on every city block, leaves flaunt daring color every fall.

Altitude as well as rainfall determines what kind of trees will grow in Nevada. That most familiar of western trees, the cottonwood, thrives at lower elevations throughout the state, as do the poplar, the willow and a host of orchard and garden varieties. Higher up, on mountain slopes and meadows, the delicate aspen prospers, often intermingling with the first of the evergreens—the scrubby juniper, and the nut-bearing pinyon, Nevada's official state tree.

Precisely because they are relatively few and far between in this vast and thirsty state, the trees that turn in autumn into flaming red or brilliant orange seem all the more spectacular.

Although delicate in appearance, the hardy aspen tree withstands the most severe of winter storms. Growing at higher elevations throughout the state, aspens often mingle with evergreens as here, on a mountain slope near Spooners Summit above Lake Tahoe.

The insistent reds of autumn—left, a bold display near Carson City on the Carson River. These are cottonwoods, thick-limbed giants that flourish at lower elevations. They signalled water and welcome relief to the pioneers on the desert trails of the 1850's.

Above—electric red, an apple tree flashes an October message to motorists in Washoe Valley. It stands in an orchard, one of the oldest in Nevada, opposite the historic Winters Mansion.

Center page following—Cottonwoods on parade. Golden green, they march in casual order along the Carson River, near Dayton. They put on the same festive costume every year, announcing that refreshing, cooler days are in store.

They grow wherever there is a little water and here, near the river where the supply is plentiful, the cottonwoods attain brute size.

Moving into a miniature autumn forest, the camera catches the warm detail of vivid leaves and the rough, deeply incised bark of the cottonwoods.

By Joy Leland

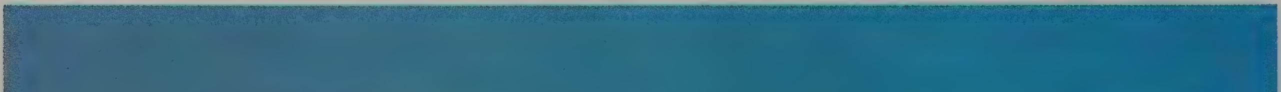
ATMOSPHERIUM

The shows in Reno at the world's first Atmospherium are livelier than can-can scenes in wide-screen westerns. Rather than dancing girls, however, the spectaculars at the Atmospherium feature the weather.

Furious indoor storms erupt daily, on command. Clouds rush by overhead. Lightning leaps across the sky. Thunder rumbles. You hear rain approaching, but there's never a wet head in the house. The audience has great fun, and learns about meteorology and astronomy at the same time.

This unique science theater was created by a scientist, a university, and a conservative private foundation, a rather unlikely combination to break into the world of popular entertainment.

The Atmospherium in Reno. Its soaring roof, supported at only two points, weighs 180 tons.



The idea originated with Professor Wendell A. Mordy, Director of the Desert Research Institute of the University of Nevada. He was convinced that people would enjoy learning about Atmospheric Physics (his specialty), if it were presented in an interesting, dramatic way.

The "producer," the University of Nevada, had launched many a short-run Shakespearean drama for small audiences, but was a bit dismayed at the thought of presenting a full schedule of regular programs for the public. Nevertheless, President Charles J. Armstrong gave the project his support.

The "angel," the Fleischmann Foundation of Nevada, had supported many educational activities, but nothing so unconventional as an atmospherium.

The imagination and courage of this group paid off. The Atmospherium, designed by Reno architect Raymond Hellman, is striking in appearance and was enthusiastically received by the public from the moment its doors opened.

Whenever some exciting weather begins to move into the area, you'll see Mr. O. Richard Norton, Curator of the Atmospherium, rushing to a nearby hillside to capture the event on film. Special "whole-sky" cameras, which combine a 180° "fish-eye" lens with time-lapse mechanism, are used to produce fast-motion, colored pictures of the sky, horizon to horizon. Spectacular cloud formations frequently occur on the leeside of the Sierra Nevada, providing plenty of subject matter for the cameras. Eventually, in addition to the wealth of cloud pictures taken locally, the film library will include hurri-

Lightning strikes outside the Atmospherium. Inside, similarly dramatic weather effects are featured.

(Photo by C. O. Guss.)

Programs are presented in a theatre inside the dome, viewed here from the lobby.
Below, the exterior from another angle.

canes, tornadoes and other dramatic weather events from all over the world.

These "whole-sky" motion pictures are the basis of the Atmospherium programs. Tiny (35mm) film images, enlarged nearly 400,000 times by the wide-angle "cloud projector," paint a massive portrait of the sky, complete with rapidly moving clouds, on the 30-foot domed ceiling that curves above the heads of spectators at the Atmospherium. Viewers see a whole day's weather compressed into half an hour, a realistic and impressive rendition of what takes place in the natural, outdoor sky. The cloud projector reproduces aurora, airglow, halos, rainbows, and other special phenomena much more realistically than any device known in the past.

Various designs for this equipment were considered by Professor Mordy for several years before the final versions were built under his guidance for the Atmospherium. The result of his efforts are the amazing instruments that produce the most realistic image of the daytime sky ever created.

But this is only half the fun. Conventional planetarium instruments have also been installed at the Atmospherium, making it possible to project the stars and the planets on the same domed ceiling.

The star-projecting instrument, the planetarium.

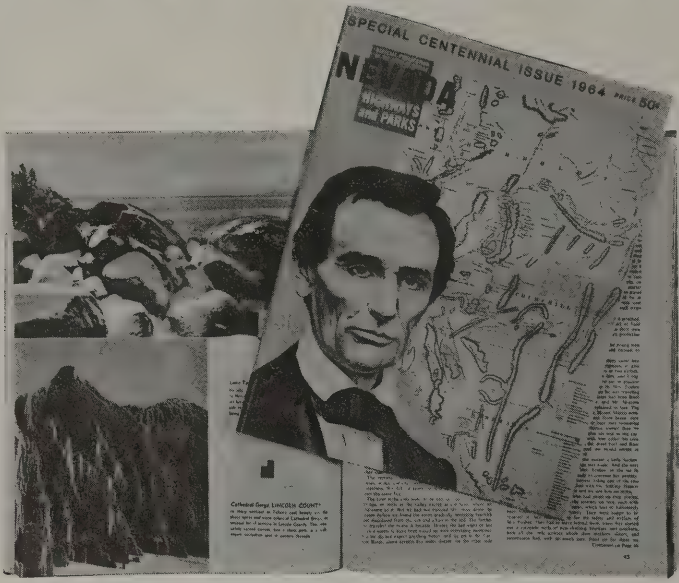
Thus, for the first time anywhere, the events of both the daytime and nighttime sky can be mingled. Programs at the Atmospherium change every six weeks and for each new show, the curator designs and builds more new instruments for special effects such as firing rockets, exploding planets, eerie northern lights and other spectacular phenomena.

Interest in the Atmospherium continues to grow. The *Britannica Book of the Year* will carry an extensive article on the subject in 1966, one indication of the facility's national significance. Nearly 400 scientists will converge on the Atmospherium this October when the Desert Research Institute will play host to a national meeting of the American Meteorological Society. Curiosity about the Atmospherium no doubt is at least partially responsible for such a very healthy turnout. A special program, "The Thunderstorm," is being created for the occasion and will be one of the highlights of the meeting.

But of even greater interest to the visiting scientists will be the sessions devoted to the Desert Research Institute's purely scientific activities—cloud physics and weather modification research, only one of several large research programs being conducted by the Institute. The Atmospherium, after all, is a side-line for the Desert Research Institute. Its main business is science.

Visitors from many states are arriving in increasing numbers these days to see what's going on at the Atmospherium. The programs, they find, are both informative and exciting, well worth a special trip to Reno according to many.

A COLLECTOR'S ITEM



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From PYRAMID LAKE to SAN FRANCISCO

Paiute basket design.

By *Ann Scott*

As any child in the Natchez School can tell you, it's a trip of nearly three hundred miles from his home village of Nixon on the Pyramid Lake Indian Reservation to the city of San Francisco by the Golden Gate. In time, that's less than an hour by jet, about eight hours by bus. But in experience, it's the distance from one world to another.

One evening last winter the regular monthly meeting of the Natchez School PTA stirred with an idea for bridging the distance between the two worlds. The challenge had come from Rudy Talso, then in his sixth year as teaching principal and widely trusted among the Paiutes. "This year," Rudy proposed, "let's do something big." It was then that one of the parents suggested taking the children, *all* the children from first to sixth grades, on a trip to San Francisco.

The idea caught fire. For years Rudy and the teachers had dreamed of giving the children a chance to see firsthand the world they had only vaguely heard about, the Big City world that seemed thousands of miles removed from the peaceful sand and sage of the Reservation.

Now PTA President Edwin Ely and a core of enthusiastic parents were staking a claim in the same dream. Even though the trip had to be financed almost from scratch—and the more skeptical members of the tribe were sure it couldn't be done—the PTA set out to earn the necessary funds. The biggest money-raisers were two well-attended intertribal basketball tournaments, followed by a succession of raffles, cake sales, and potluck dinners that kept the PTA busy all spring.

Along with their money-raising activities, PTA mothers and grandmothers worked out plans for the trip at a regular Friday morning Koffee Klatch. With the Paiute understanding of the importance of family ties, they arranged to have enough chaperones so almost every child would have an adult relative to turn to. Knowing their children, they worked out thoughtful combinations of youngsters and parents so that even the bounciest little boy had an adult companion who could cope with him.

Week by week, excitement and apprehension began to build. "How big is the Golden Gate Bridge? What holds it up? What about the Chinese? What if they should come up and grab us when we're walking in Chinatown? How do we know the bus won't run off the mountain?"

"I've been to the Big City," warned one of the older men of the tribe, "and I know what goes on there. People get lost. They get hit by cars." Parents discussed among themselves whether they should allow their children to go, after all.

Patient and understanding in the midst of a hundred details of preparation, Principal Talso somehow found time to listen to all the fears. "Don't ever underestimate the distance between the two worlds," he commented later. "It was more difficult to bridge this gap than you might believe."

Before dawn on the morning of the big day, an expectant little group of teachers waited in the empty hallway of the Natchez School. Finally, someone called, "Here come the first!" Far down the road, barely visible in the dim greyness, five children emerged. They were walking side by side, each swinging one of the travel bags which Pan Am had provided for all the Nixon adventurers. From then on, things happened fast. Others began to arrive rapidly, in the school bus, in station wagons and pickups. Inside the class rooms, teachers pinned name tags on solemn-eyed boys and girls.

By six o'clock, right on schedule, 48 children and their 17 chaperones had boarded the chartered buses. The two buses, the "red bus" and the "blue bus" as the children quickly named them, headed west, first to Reno, then over the new four-lane freeway to California.

As the buses approached San Francisco, the children were more and more intent on the view from the windows. Every child knew that soon he would be coming to the Big City. Two comic book readers were talking with heads bent together. "Suppose Bat Man was to blow up the Golden Gate Bridge!" A little girl leaned forward in tense expectation. "There it is! There's the Golden Gate Bridge!" All over the bus children were now standing in their seats, eyes wide, saying little, observing everything. "There's the Bay Bridge over there," one of the comic book readers pointed happily. "Hey, there's a ship," and "There's Alcatraz."

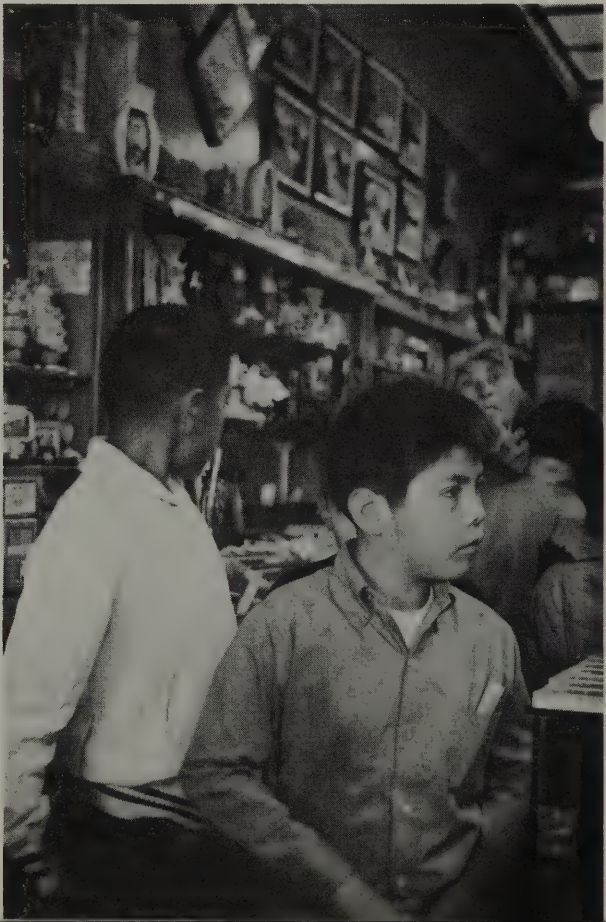
First stop in San Francisco was the Steinhart Aquarium. There, while a crowd of television and newspaper people waited, grandmothers Flora Smith and Lena Wright calmly helped four of the smallest

On the steps of Grace Cathedral.

"Tuesday morning everybody got up real early. Then we came on the schoolbus up to the school. The kids were waiting to go with their chaperones."

Photos by Gus Bundy

"In San Francisco we went to the baseball game between the Giants and the Milwaukee Braves at Candlestick Park. The Giants lost the game."



Captions are based on quotations from the reports and thank-you letters written by the children when they returned to Natchez School.

"It was a wonderful time!"

"We rode in a cable car down to Chinatown. The cable car is real rattley. It was so much fun we didn't want it to stop."

"I'll never forget the lizards and those big sharks and the rest of fish and the other things in San Francisco and the Aquarium."

'In Chinatown we walked along the sidewalk and looked in the windows. In some stores we went in and bought souvenirs."

children change into beaded buckskin for the formal presentation of nine cui-ui. The cui-ui, a rare but ugly species of prehistoric fish, is found only in the desert privacy of Pyramid Lake. Before the white man came to Nevada, back in the days when according to oral tradition Paiutes sometimes traveled on foot to the Bay area to trade shells by the shore of the Pamiva (Western Water), Pyramid Lake was known as the Lake of the Cui-ui and the band of Indians who dwelled on its shores were called the Cui-ui Eaters. Now, with the help of Nevada Fish and Game officials who trapped the fish and chauffeured them to the Big City in a tank truck, the children from the Lake of the Cui-ui presented the nine splashing creatures to their new home.

After the last photographer had shot the last picture of the last wriggling cui-ui, the curator took the visitors on an unforgettable tour of the aquarium. Unlocking the inner sanctum behind the tanks, he led the children and chaperones on scaffolding where they could look down on—and even touch—the fish swimming below. "Can we come, too?" a pair of curious teenagers inquired. "If you're a Paiute, you can," answered the curator. At the Steinhart, as so many times during the next two days, the visitors from Nixon knew what it means to be treated as guests of honor.

By the end of the tour everyone was eager to go on to the Big City itself. Noses were pressed against the windows as the buses crawled through traffic, then pulled up before the motel in downtown San Francisco. There, in groups of threes and fours and fives, the youngsters picked up their travel bags and followed their chaperones to their rooms.

And what rooms they were! For the Paiute children no rocket control tower could have been more fascinating. Dials began spinning and TV sets humming. While little boys experimented judiciously with the showers, little girls slipped quietly back and forth to check on the color of the bedspreads in their friends' room next door. "It's like a palace!" someone said. Everyone wanted to try out the phones. (In all Nixon there are but three—one at the store, one at the school, and one at the mission.) For a while the office switchboard was buzzing like a screen door in summer.

The run on the telephones had switched to the coke machine before it was time to board the buses for a ride across the Bay Bridge to Oakland and dinner at the Intertribal Friendship House. There, in a roomy old building which serves as a community center for representatives of more than ninety tribes, the Paiutes watched on the TV news the presentation of the cui-ui to the aquarium by "a delegation of Indians from far-off Pyramid Lake in Nevada."

Over a second cup of coffee Wes Huss, a staff member whose work with the American Friends Service Committee brings him in touch with many of the 17,000 Indians now resettled in the Bay Area, spoke with reporters about the two-sided response to American culture he finds among Indians today. According to Wes, Indians are participating more fully in the wider society, receiving more income, sharing more of the "stuff" of American life; and at the same time they are reaffirming their identity as Indians, rediscovering the heritage that is uniquely theirs. His comments recalled the statement the Pyramid Lake Tribal Council once made to visiting Department of the Interior officials: "Perhaps no group in the United States is self-sufficient—all groups are, in one sense, dependent on others. We want the same opportunities and advantages for ourselves and our children that are available to citizens that are not Indians." The same spirit is moving in more recent local developments: self-help housing projects, the formation of the Intertribal Council of Nevada, increased initiative of Indian leaders in the conduct of tribal affairs—and now the very trip which brought Natchez School children to the Big City.

The schedule for the next two days was packed as full of wonders as the Christmas stocking of a well-loved child: Fisherman's Wharf and the cable cars, Chinatown and a Giants' game, Grace Cathedral and Hunter's Point Naval Yard, and, to top it all, the San Francisco Zoo.

The Big City turned out to be a friendly place, after all. By the second morning, everyone had relaxed. Children and their chaperones walked companionably along, each keeping track of the other with a minimum of orders. In contrast to the neat little lines of other school groups out to see the town, the Nixon children strolled in happy spontaneity. Youngsters zigzagged back and forth along the pavement, stopping to explore a store window or sniff a flowering bush.

Everywhere they went, the children found something new: crabs steaming in a vendor's booth at Fisherman's Wharf, crowds of sailors cheering at Candlestick Park, mysterious things to eat in the shopwindows of Chinatown, tugboats and sailboats crisscrossing the bay. Whether they traveled by bus or on foot, the children didn't miss a thing. They greeted as old friends the landmarks they'd studied in school and took in stride urban phenomena no one had warned them to expect, five o'clock traffic and bearded beatniks from North Beach. Sometimes they found words for what they were feeling. More often they watched silently, enjoying, taking everything into themselves.

San Francisco was full of surprises. The Paiutes hadn't expected so many hills—nor such steep ones. It was hardest on the grandmothers. "Nixon was never like this! I don't think I'll *ever* straighten out," one chaperone panted as she gamely followed her children up a near-vertical slope.

Equally surprising was the noise of the city. "In Nixon it's so quiet you can sleep just walking around." Perhaps the greatest letdown was the Pacific Ocean. To the visitors the grey-blue waters seemed less beautiful than their own Pyramid Lake—and really not very impressive.

In the end what did impress the children most? There would be a dozen answers for a dozen children: the bridges, the motel, the cartoons on TV, the stores in Chinatown, the cable cars, the aquarium. Perhaps for the majority the two favorite memories were the last two events of the trip: the morning aboard the aircraft carrier USS Ranger and the afternoon at the zoo.

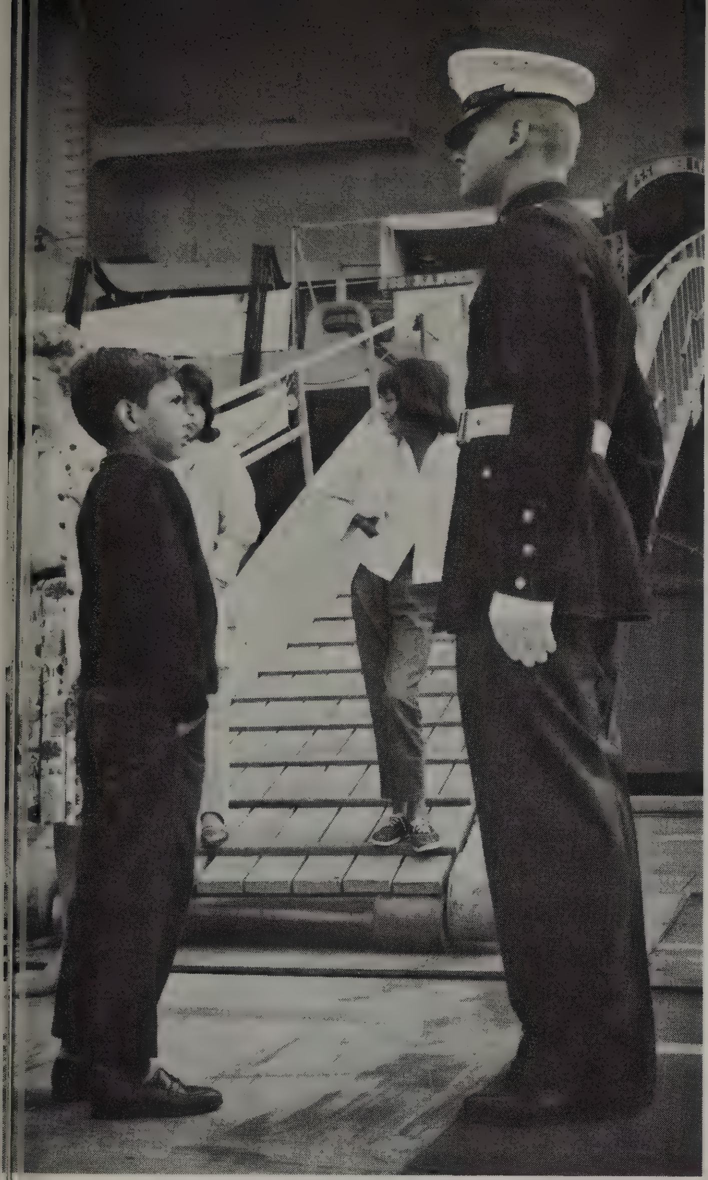
From the welcome aboard the Ranger by Captain Leo McCuddin (a University of Nevada graduate who remembers fishing for trout in Pyramid Lake and who still calls Reno home) to the last sailor's goodbye wave, the children were honored like visiting dignitaries. They were treated to a tour through the mysteries of the ship, followed by a movie and a sailor-size steak dinner. No one appreciated the tour more than Lena Wright, the mother of a U.S. Navy veteran. "The boys talk about these things, but you don't understand them," Lena said. "You have to see it for yourself." Then she shook her head. "To think I almost didn't come."

The zoo was another place each visitor really had to discover himself. "Hey look, there's something I'd like to see," one child would call to another. "Did you see the peacock? Its tail was all spreaded out." "There's the biggest bear in the world!" "Hey, there's a raccoon." "And a bobcat like we have at Nixon." Eyes sparkling, one eight-year-old grinned. "Most of this stuff I never saw in my whole life."

When it was finally time to go home, weary children and wearier chaperones climbed back aboard the bus. In a seat by the window a little boy murmured, half to himself, "Melvin and me were the *happiest* monkeys in the zoo." A few minutes later he turned to his teacher, "I'm sleepy but I don't want to sleep. I don't want to miss anything."

"Goodbye, San Francisco," a little girl called, waving her feathered souvenir hat. "Goodbye, we'll be back again!"

As the darkness lowered, one by one the children dropped off to sleep. Soon the buses were in Nevada, just a few hours from home. "At last we can see the stars again," a mother sighed, leaning against the window to enjoy the familiar expanse of open sky. "When I saw those city playgrounds, I was glad my kids lived in Nixon. The city is all right to visit, but the country is the best place to live."



"We went to the USS Ranger to tour around the carrier. We ate on the ship below the flight deck and saw a movie about the aircraft carrier and how a plane stops from going overboard. The cooks made us a big cake that had WELCOME ABOARD, NIXON SCHOOL."

"It was fun in San Francisco. I wish we could stay but we had to come back to Nixon and come back to school again. . . It was my best trip I ever had."

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about the CONTRIBUTORS

PEGGY TREGO, one the most skillful wordsmiths in Nevada, also has become an expert on earthquakes. She and her husband, Bob, retired newspaper editors, live in Unionville and help tend the seismograph mentioned in her story on page 10. Mrs. Trego is the author of historical and travel articles which have appeared in this and other publications.

ANN SCOTT, wife of a University of Nevada professor of physics, is author of *Big Cowboy Western*, a children's book just released. Her sensitive story about a group of Pyramid Lake Indian youngsters and their adventure appears on page 32.

JOY LELAND watched the Atmospherium evolve from the drawing boards to reality. The wife of a Reno attorney, she has been a staff member of the Desert Research Institute since 1961 and is currently assisting in the administration of a new department there, the Center for Western North American Studies.

JEAN MCELRATH'S story about Ruby Valley, published two issues back, brought forth a small flood of letters from pleased readers. In this issue she dabbles in art—see her story on page 4. Miss McElrath was honored this spring when she received the Distinguished Nevadan award from the University of Nevada.

PHOTO CREDITS

FRONT COVER, Louis Heinzman painting, photographed by Jim Reinheller, State Highway Department. ELKO ART FESTIVAL—Photos by Jim Reinheller. TAKING THE EARTH'S PULSE—p. 13, photo by Dr. D. B. Slemmons; p. 15, top and bottom, Adrian Atwater, Highway Department; center, Dr. Slemmons. FALL COLOR—Adrian Atwater. ATMOSPHERIUM— p. 26, p. 28, bottom and p. 29 by Doc Kaminski, courtesy Desert Research Institute; p. 27, top by C. D. Guss; p. 28, top by Don Erickson. PYRAMID LAKE TO SAN FRANCISCO—photos by Gus Bundy. STARDUST BACKSTAGE—Photos by Tony King, courtesy the Stardust. 309

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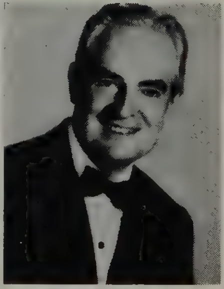

NOV. 11 - 27
FRED WARING
and his Pennsylvanians

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BACKSTAGE at the STARDUST

PHOTOS BY TONY KING

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